

HERGE
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN
LAND
OF
BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود







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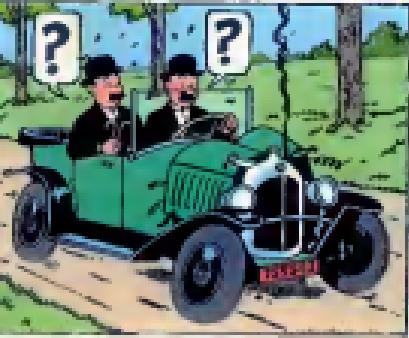


METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

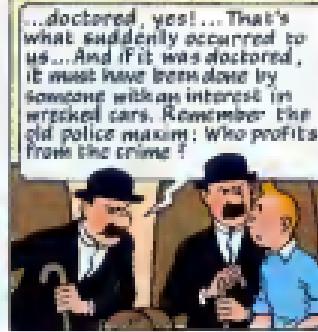
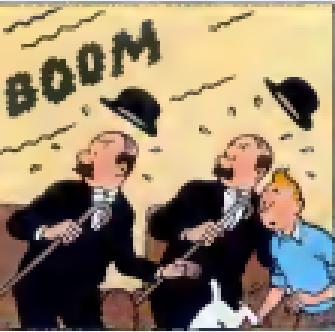
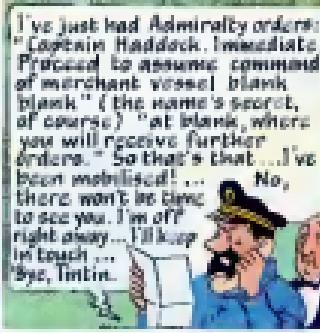
البلد
الأسود





Next morning...

"Crisis deepest-official"
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?"
"Call-up for army re-
serve... forces on
standby... Things
look bright, I must say."



No doubt about it : Autocart doctors the petrol. When the engine blows up, you send for a breakdown truck. And who do you call? The people who do the most advertising : Autocart !



No doubt ! It's a certainty ! ... We're taking up the case, and by this time next week, we'll have enough evidence to arrest the entire Board of directors.



For a start, we'll take a snoop around the Autocart garage ...



Would you like to comment, sir, on the situation created by the deterioration in petrol quality ...

Catastrophic!
The situation is catastrophic ...

Look! In two months, consumption has dropped by 85% ... And it's falling every day ... This very morning ...

... the airline companies decided to suspend all services because of the dangers of fuel explosions in the air ... Oil shares have slumped to half their value ... the bottom's dropping out of the market ... It's a disaster! ... A catastrophe!

Even worse! What about the international situation? ... Supposing war comes ... breaks out tomorrow? ... Imagine what'll happen ... Ships ... planes ... tanks ... The armed forces completely immobilised! ... The mind boggles! ... Disaster!

What do you think has caused this sudden change in the petrol?

That's the question we'd all like to answer! Nothing has changed at the refinery, or in the refineries, so it has to be elsewhere ...

We took samples at the wells, from storage depots, aboard the tankers, in the refineries ... and we had them analysed ... Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then we decided to treat the petrol itself, to prevent it exploding. Our top scientists are working night and day on the problem ... to find some way of ...



Another car blowing up! ... Where was I? ... Oh yes ... My senior research officer says they are on the verge of success in our labs ... I'm expecting a call from him any moment now to say they've found the solution ...



That'll be him ... Do you mind? ...

No, of course ...



Yes? ... Well, you've got it? ... An answer? ... What? ... Nothing at all? ... Nothing? ... See ... Well, it's a pity ... You'll just have to keep at it ...

What? ... Should you go on with the research? ... Of course ... surely that's obvious ... Why bother to ask? ...



Because if we're to go on, sir, you'll have to consider building a new laboratory!



Analysis of the petrol showed nothing... but what if someone used an additive that leaves no trace?... Tonight, Snowy my friend... we'll take a little trip to see some storage tanks...



Meanwhile at Autocart...

Ice?... ice on the road? What sort of fool'd you take me for?... I'll give you one more chance, but watch your step!... Understand?... Come! Check the tyre pressures on the lorries!



Anyway, we're better off here at the garage. More likely to get inside information...



My car ready, Vic?

In a minute, sir. We're just checking your tyre pressures.



How are things going, Vic?
As bad as ever?

Afraid so...



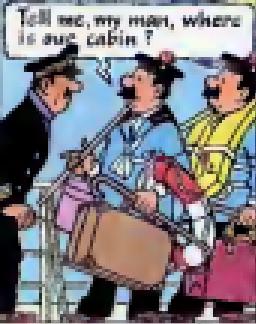
It looks black... Everyone's talking of war... they say things could blow sky high at any moment.



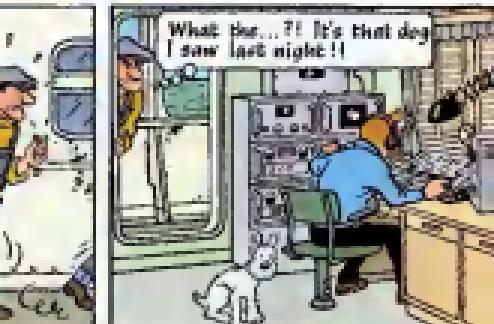
That night...







... and the next time you open your big mouth you'll address me as "captain" ... Understand?



Maybe just a coincidence... Still, can't be too careful...



Police 1

Special Branch, yes... But, or... how did you know?



It's my job to know everything... Allow me to introduce myself: Jack McPhee of Naval Intelligence, on a top-secret mission...

McThompson and Thompson of Special Branch... this deadly secret...



I'd like you to do something for me... take care of some secret documents... Someone's on to me and may try to steal them... Oh!



That's fixed that!... Now I can relax...



Just wait till we reach Khamikhal... you and your master!



No... I'll fix you right now, my friend!



... massive troop movements are also reported... The Prime Minister told the House today that the world situation is grave, but the government has taken all steps necessary to meet an emergency...



The news goes from bad to worse... One single spark could set the world ablaze...



Hello, where's Snowy?... I've heard enough for today... Snowy!... Snowy... Oh, he's gone nut...



Polly! Some bone!



...

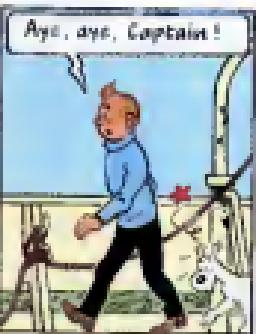


GRR GRR
WOOAH



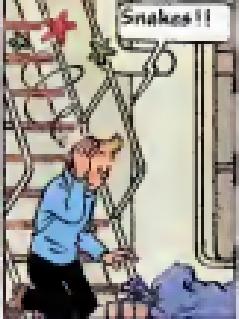
WOOAH
WOOAH









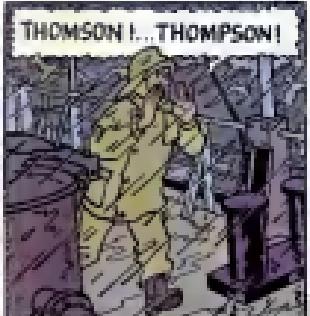


Dog?... Fog!... A foggy day!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Little dog laughed
... That's ruin! Run to turn!
Fifteen men on the dead
man's chest ...

Why not?... Rub it with camphor-
ated oil!... And that's not all ...
Sister Susie's sewing socks for soldiers!

Here, come
with me!

Only on condition
that we go
together ...



Next morning...

No, the storm's blown it off course...



How do you think he is?

No change... He's wandering...

Good morning... Hotel and night... light, right, right... left, right, left, right, pick 'em up, now... How now brown cow?



No hope of learning anything useful from that quarter.



Several days later...

There's Khamikha!

Yes, and there's a launch putting out, with police aboard, I think.



They've tightened up security... Only natural with the international crisis, and the tensions in Khamed...



Military police: we have orders to search the ship.

Oh?... Very well...



Military police: this is a cabin search!

Go ahead.



Military police: open your bags!



Alah! As we were told: behind the coat... books!



These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant...

Let me see!

Alah! All very interesting... A shipment of arms to Sheik Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I...

Keep your hands off! ... We're police officers! We'll make you pay for this!

To be precise: you'll see we pay for this!



Heroin in their baggage, sir... And they're pretending to be police officers!

We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

He's here on board, Sergeant... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wife...



What a fool I've been! ... Another failed trail!

All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

But...

I...



Who've you got there?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, I think... But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr.

Excellent work! Our noble sheik will reward you when he comes to power! ... Get Haw!



Bab El Ehr must be informed!





That evening...

I have come from Kharakhal, noble master. There I received news: the emir's soldiers have arrested a young... a fugitive.

Well?



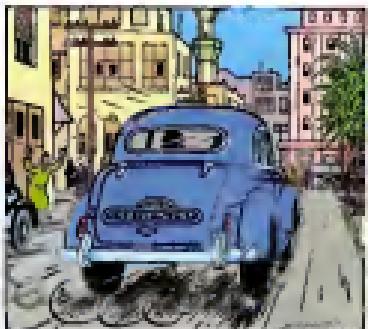
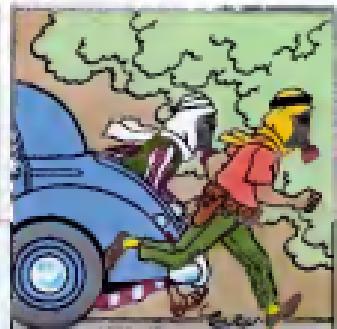
One of the guards works for us. He said he'd found papers on the prisoner... papers referring to an important shipment of arms for you.

The young man shall escape and be brought here to me!



Next morning...

Come with me. You're going to the special security jail. The secret police want you for questioning.



Meanwhile ...

We've checked your papers. They're in order. You can go.

Thank you. What about Tintin?

Your friend? He was missed on his way here by Bab El Ehr men.

Now we've got to find them ... And that's a thankless job. They made the switch, and vanished without trace. Still, there's a £5000 reward for anyone who leads us to the sheik's kidnap.

Five thousand pounds! You needn't say that again!... By this time, next week, we'll bring you Bab El Ehr trussed like a turkey!

Very good! May Allah go with you!

Next morning...

Five thousand pounds reward!



Here is the young foreigner brought by your partisans, noble sheik!

Enter!

Greetings, and welcome, young stranger... Heaven will bless you for embracing our great cause... Now, when do the guns arrive?

What guns?

What guns? Our guns, our shipment of arms... You've brought news of their delivery: isn't that so?

Me?... Not me, most noble sheik! ...



You lied to me, son of a mangy dog!

Oh, not most powerful master... It was the guard who told me... I swear by Allah!

That's quite true, noble sheik. Some papers were found in my cabin... But they didn't belong to me... And I've no idea who put them there...

It's a trick... A miserable trick to discover my hideout... I suppose you think I'll let you go?... To run home and betray us to the police, those smelling lap-dogs of Ben Kalish Eul!

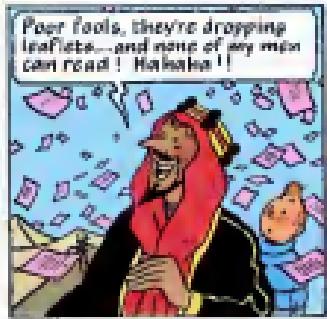
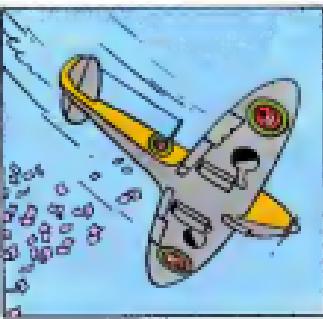
Never! You stay here with us. You are my prisoner!



Tie him up, and guard him well !



Noble master ! A spy-plane from the emir !



We strike camp at sunrise... Before two days have passed we must be hidden in the mountains.

As for you, you come with us... You'll make a good hostage !



I say... Are you quite sure we're going in the right direction?

Of course I'm sure.



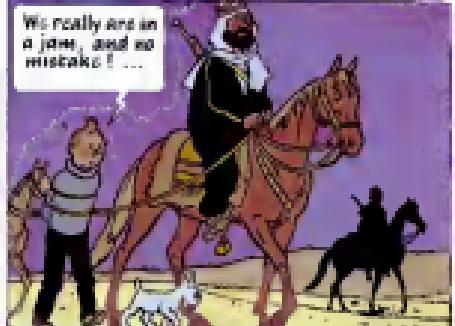
Anyway, we can't go wrong... They said drive straight on.

Quite right. And that's the first of our wells.



We'll stop there for a minute and fill the radiator.





Meanwhile...



The prisoner has fallen. He is finished!



You and your sense of direction! A fat lot of good it's doing us!

I tell you we're all right, this is a main road...



I can prove it ... Look!

Pooh! Another mirage!



There you are! ... I told you so!



This time there's no mistake: we're saved!

My poor friend... It's only a mirage... Any fool can tell at a glance...



No! No! I promise you it isn't!

It isn't, eh? ... Very well, I'll prove it...



Wheee!



Oh... my goodness... I... er... I beg your pardon... I mistook you for a mirage!



أنت مجنون! أنا مجنون!

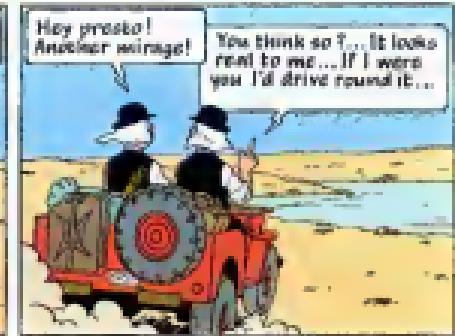
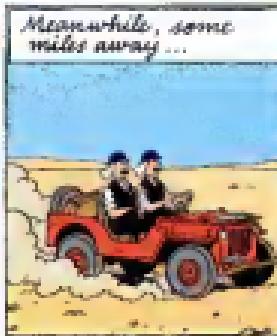
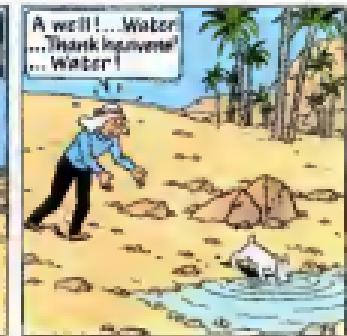
You were absolutely right: it wasn't a mirage...

No?

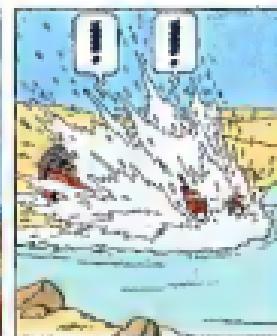


Meanwhile ...

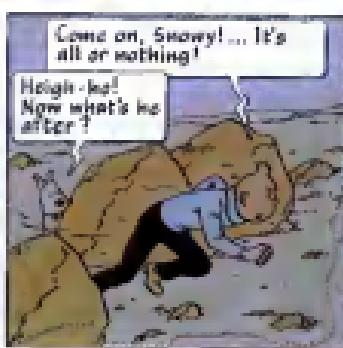


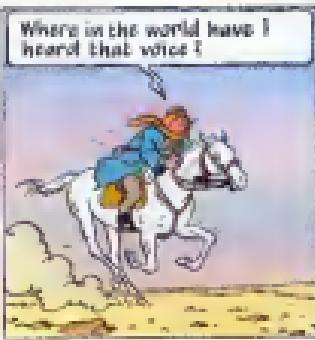


You think so? ... It looks real to me... If I were you I'd drive round it...

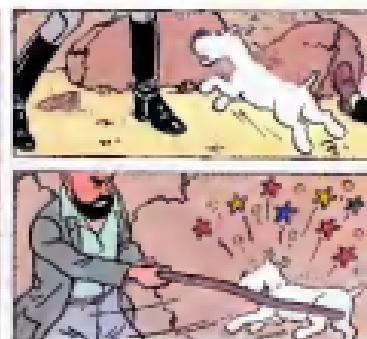
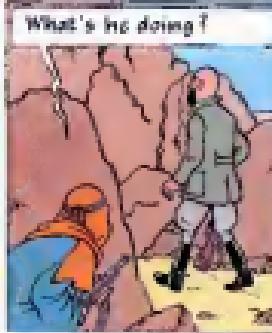








Chumbi ! I know who
this is ! ... It's Doctor
Müller ! No



Poor silly Ahmed !
Sometimes a mirror
comes in handy to see
what's on my mind you !...
And I don't like镜子 !



But... it isn't Ahmed
... Kratipdörrken !
It's Trabbi !



Tatbi ? ... What's he
doing here ? Something
must have aroused his
suspicions, but what ?
... Perhaps I'd better
wait till he comes
round, then question
him... No, that'd be
useless... and waste
time...



You've meddled in
my affairs once too
often, Tatbi ! ... I'm
fixing you for good !



Ach ! What's that ? It
sounds like... It can't be
... Yes ! It's a car...



No, a jeep ! ... Der Teufel ! They're
after me already !



The horses! If they spot the horses I'm done for!

What about Tintin? ... Kill him now! ... No, they'll hear the shot... Just, he's not cold; there's plenty of time to deal with him later.

So, they're gone! That was a close thing...

Quick! I must take care of Tintin... I was careless... I should have broken his brains out with my rifle butt...

TonFef!

BANG

Just in time!

done

BANG

BANG BANG

What's all that racket?

Now what? ... They were... No, it's all quiet; he's stopped shooting... Perhaps it's a trick...

Hey, what's that? Galloping horses? He can't have...

Yes! He's made off with both horses, the thug!

Here I am, back to square one... with a bump on my head as well!

On our way, Snowy... we haven't any choice...

We must follow his tracks!

Let me warn that brute again and he'll better watch his trousers!

What's it all about? ... What's that gangster Müller doing here? ... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline? ... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me? ... I just don't have any of the answers.



Hello... I can't be mistaken... Let's take a closer look...



They're wheelmarks, Snowy... This really is a bit of luck!



Let's see... I'd say they were tyres on a jeep... The sand and pebbles were thrown back by the wheels, so it was travelling that way. We'll go in the same direction...

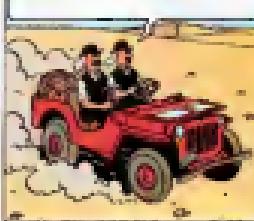


And we'll worry about our friend Müller later.



Meanwhile...

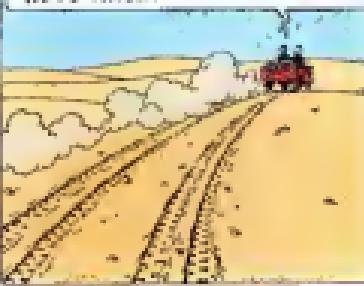
I don't like it, Thomson... If we don't get somewhere soon...



It's all right! ... Look! ... There! ... Tracks of a car!

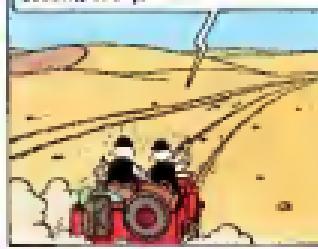


All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!



An hour later...

Hooyay! ... More tracks! ... A second car joined the first...



A real stroke of luck hitting this road.

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!



Another hour later...

There! ... A third car joined the other two! ... We're on a very busy road...

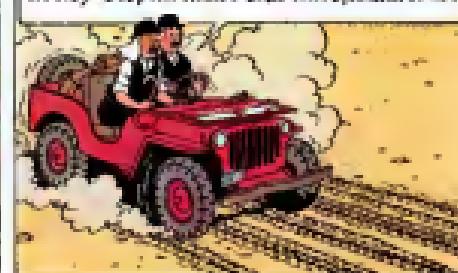


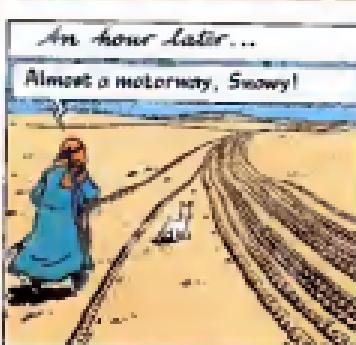
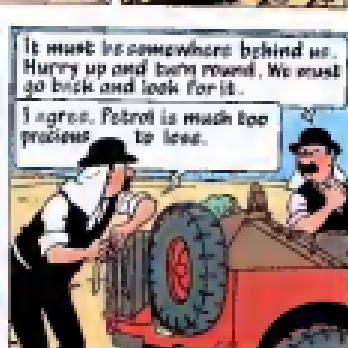
Several hours go by...

Another one! ... That makes the seventh.



We're obviously getting near a big town and ... Hey! Stop! ... What's that there, ahead of us?





Ooh! Here it comes! We're right in the middle of it! ... Worst of all, the wind and sand will wipe out all the brakes...



The awful sand... gets in your eyes... and your mouth... He can't go on! ... Only one thing to do...



Wait till the storm blows over ...



Soh! ... I heard something... There it is again... A car engine!



We can't go on like this. We must raise the windscreen and put up the hood ...



OOEE!

Careful! You mustn't let go ...



Don't worry, I'm holding it.



Hang on tight! ... Don't let it get away!



OOEE!





Good heavens! A boulder belonging to one of the Thompsons!... How can they possibly...? Surely they couldn't...?

Thompson!... Come!... Thompson!

...Ec... omson... Tim... in...

I say, did you hear anything?... No!... I thought I heard something over there, calling our name.

Come along, come along! It's just another mirage. Get in. We must move!



Thompson!... Come!... It's me, Timon!



They've started the engine... They didn't hear me...?

BANG

Hooray! They heard me! They've stopped again.

Nothing!... The tyres this side are quite all right. Funny: I was sure I heard a loud Bang.

All well this side... Right: on we go!

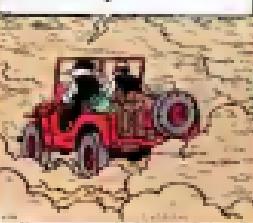


COOEE!... THOMPSON!

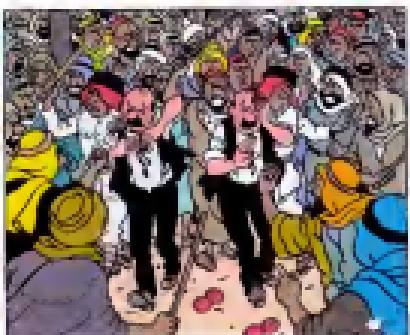
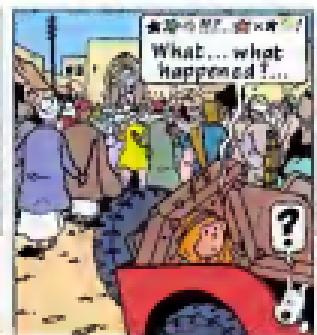
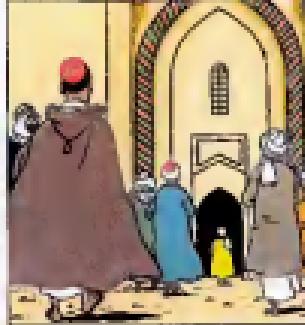
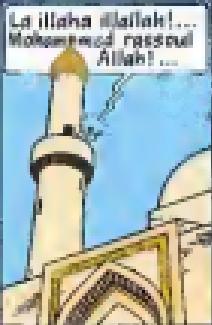
A mirage, my dear fellow... And not for the first time... I can't think why you're still taken in by them... Come along!

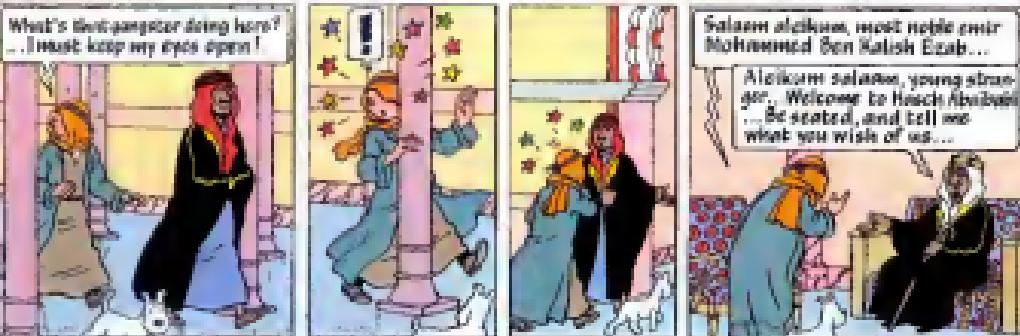
The sound of the engine is fading... Too late... They've gone...

It's all over, Snowy... We're done for...









It's like this, your Highness... Yesterday evening I was in a jeep driven by two of my friends. They arrived in the city...



Most noble sultan, I have come to beg your mercy. For days and days these two men were wandering in the desert. They lost their way and were at the end of their strength. That is why...

I see, I see... It shall be considered... But tell me, what were they doing in the desert? And what are you doing here, dressed like the Bedouin? Explain...



Gladly, your Highness... But it is a long story and I fear to impose upon you.

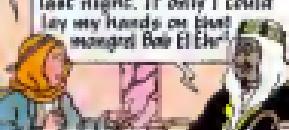
No, no, I adore stories. You may begin. I am listening.



Two hours go by...

At that moment there was a burst of flame: they had fired the pipeline.

Yes, it was one of his raids. I heard about them yesterday. There were two more last night. If only I could lay my hands on that mongrel Ben El Ehr...



So it's Ben El Ehr who...

Yes, he's trying to dispose me, with the help of Skell Petroleum. Should he come to power he would leave the oil concessions in Rihemidat Arabia to Skell, and expel Arabs who operate with my agreement. That's why Ben El Ehr and his brigades attack the Arabex installations...



Now, the present contract I have with Arabs is soon due to expire. If I wished I could then sign a new contract, but with Skell. That is the proposal made to me by Professor Smith who left here just as you arrived.



It's very simple: If I sign a contract with Shell the attack will come immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?



It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Jack Allah... I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Shell Petroleum.



But I have interrupted your story... You were telling how the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline.

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks... Suddenly...



Master! Master!... Oh! Master!



Oh, Master! Master!... Your son!...

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?



Heaven grant that it is indeed a prank Master, your son has disappeared!

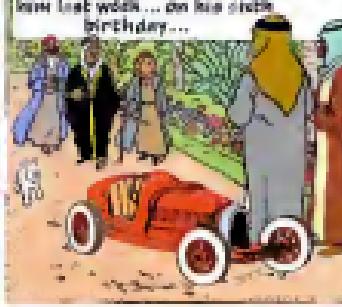
Hu! hu! hu! hu!... Disappeared!... If you know my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness... But come with me, you see for yourself...



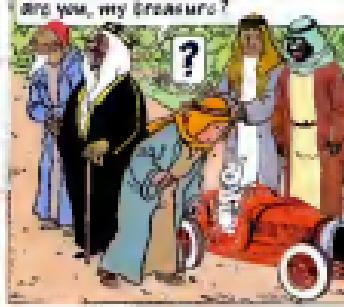
He was in the garden, Master...



There's the little motor car I gave him last week... on his sixth birthday...



Abdullah!... Abdullah!... Where are you, my treasure?



Abdullah!... Come out here, my little sugar pie!



Abdullah, my baby lamb... where are you hiding?



Abdullah!... Abdullah!... Where are you hiding?



Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come out here Papa will be cross!



Excuse me, Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?



A blue robe?... Abdullah!... No!... Why do you ask?



Here's a piece of blue cloth I just found, caught on a branch... Under the tree are some very deep footmarks... Obviously someone was hiding in the tree, and then jumped to the ground...



There's your son's motor car... It has been shoved to one side, as you can see from the tyre marks...



But I don't understand... What are you trying to say?

I hardly dare tell you, Highness... I fear the worst... Come with me... There will be other clues...



The man who... You're mad!... My son!... Kidnapped?... Why?... Tell me why anyone should kidnap my son?... You're crazy!... You've made all this up!... You're lying!... Yes, you're lying, like all infidels!...



Where is Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezabi?



A horseman brought this letter, Master... Then rode away like the wind, out into the desert.



BY ALLAH!



It's unbelievable!... Here, read this letter...

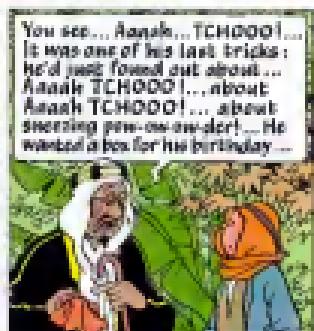
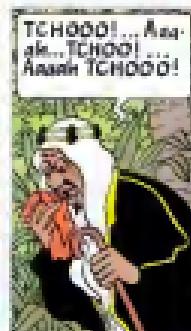


Excuse me, Highness... It is in Arabic...



"To Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezabi... If you want to see your son again, throw Arabic out of Khamed" It's signed: Bab El Ehr.





A few minutes later...

This is Yusef Ben Mulfid, my military adviser. He'll explain his plan of campaign... A [cigarette] No, thank you.



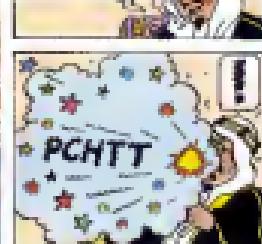
Well, noble master... In two hours, three hundred horsemen will be ready to lead in pursuit of Bob El Eker's followers. I have already given orders for scouts to follow their trail... But the I can not be sure.



Allah is good!... My little puppet replaced all my best levaines with his brick cigars... Wasn't that clever?



My one and
only little
child and



By the beard of the prophet! That wretched little *quidipede* has changed all my best *Sobranies* for his filthy joke *quidipede*!



Two hours later...



There they go... With Allah's help they will succeed... they will smite my dear duckling from the hands of that scoundrel, Bob El Ehr!



To tell the truth, Highness, that expedition is entirely useless... decisive, for the very good reason that Bob El Ehr didn't kidnap your son. We've got to look elsewhere for him...



What?... Not Bob El Ehr?... But you saw the letter he sent...



His writing?... Actually, no... But... but if you know it wasn't from him, why didn't you say so sooner?... And another thing: why did you let me send out my horses again?



Quite simply, to make the real kidnapper believe that his trick has succeeded... Then, unless I'm very much mistaken...

The real kidnapper?... You know who he is?



I think so, Highness, but I need more proof... And I don't know where he has taken your son... That's the main thing we've got to discover... By the way, have you a recent photograph of Abdullah?... It would be useful if I could have a look at it.



That's his latest portrait.



Poor little cherub... The sittings were real torture for him...



Actually, the artist went insane...



Ah, let's see... Is this one of those infernal cigarettes?... No, it's a real one...



Pop! hope your pardon, lambkin, for such a wicked suspicion!



Another of his confounded tricks! ... Now where did he get that?



Well, he's certainly quite unmistakable! ... Now I must start my search, Highness ... Could you fit me out with some different clothes? ... And I'd like some information on Doctor Müller ... I mean Professor Smith.



Professor Smith? ... You think he can help you find my son?



He's an archaeologist, digging for remains of the ancient civilizations that once flourished in these lands ... At the same time he acts as representative for Shell Petroleum.



Yes, in Wadoudah, my capital ... about twenty miles from here, on the coast. He lives in an enormous pal ... a sort of paradise like an eagle's nest on the top of a cliff.

I see ... There's just one more thing ...



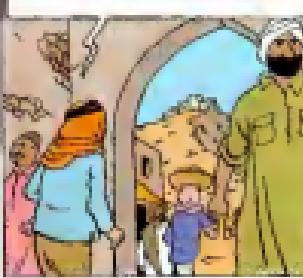
Take no notice ... Just a cap ... Abdallah scattered them everywhere ... They lived things up in the palace ...



Where was I? ... Oh, yes ... The two friends mentioned ... I have a great favour to ask on their behalf: please treat them as your honoured guests. Lend them every comfort upon earth; take every possible care of them ... but, if you want me to ... Read your son, for pity's sake, I don't allow them out of the palace on any pretext whatever ... ever.



That must be Professor Smith's palace, up there ...



Great snakes! It's Senator Oliveira da Figueira! (1)



What a salesman! Just like some! He's persuaded that man to buy a pair of roller-skates!



Nasty cold, eh?



But come in, come in, honoured sir... Absolutely no obligation... But I'm sure you'll find a little something you need once you're inside my shop...



To tell the truth, Senhor Oliveira, I don't need anything... But I'm delighted to see you... Do you remember me?



Sit... Sit... You must take a glass of wine with me... Some fine Portuguese red... My country's bottled sunshine!



Now, what brings you to this god-forsaken land?



Well... I... I... er... I'm interested in archaeology...



Ah, like Professor Smith...

Exactly... You seem to know him. Tell me, what's he like? A pleasant sort of fellow?



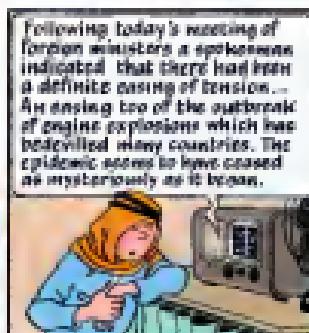
To be honest, no; decidedly not. He's tough, and crafty, and...



There's a mousetrap in the cupboard, but it sounds as if we've caught a full-grown rat!



(1) See Cigars of the Pharaoh



Here we are... Are you're listening to the news...

Yes, The threat of war seems to be lessening, thank goodness!



Now, what were we talking about?

About Professor Smith. You were saying that he isn't particularly likable.



That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the poor, alas!... What a man!... One of the best!... Which is more than can be said for his noisy little son... A real pest, young Prince Abdullah... but you won't have heard: he's just been kidnapped!



Look here, Senator Oliveira, would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben-Khalid Esab?

Would I like it?... Of course!... It would be the crowning glory of my career... But... what would I have to do?



Help me recover Prince Abdullah... To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house...

Professor Smith... What for?... Well, if you like... It's quite easy... I go there each morning...



The next morning...

Salam alikum, Murad!



Who is the young stranger?

My nephew Alvaro... I want him to meet the palace servants



My friends, let me introduce my nephew Alvaro, just arrived from Portugal... He's an orphan, poor lad... I've taken him into my family...

ATCHOO!



Just between ourselves: he's a little... well... a bit simple... Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer... Excuse me, just a minute...



Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you can and play in the garden... I'll call you...

Yes, Uncle.



But listen carefully, Alvaro... Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him...

No, Uncle.

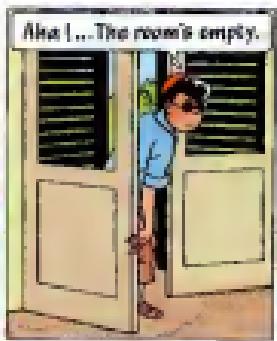
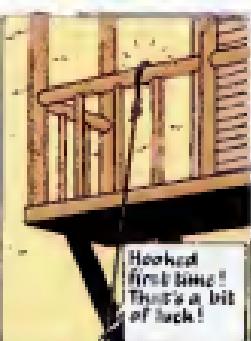
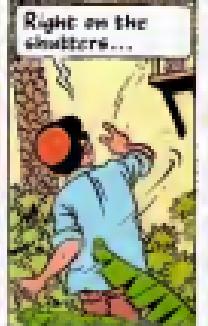
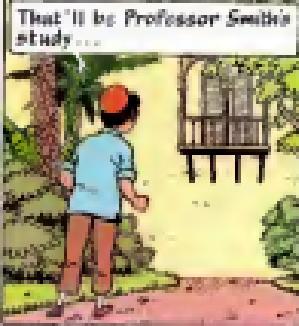


Substantiating



That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his parables stories... but I wouldn't mind him...





The key's in the door... And the door's locked from the inside!... But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense...



I'll work that out later... First, let's have a look at the papers on his desk...



What's in this folder?



Hello... A file of newspaper clippings...

SCIENTIFIC BAFFLE

MORE PETROL BLASTS

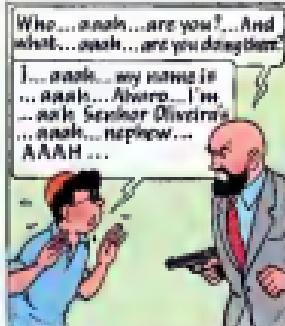
By our Managing Correspondent, who is investigating the mystery of the recent series of mysterious explosions in Europe and America.

WORLD'S AIRCRAFT GROUNDED

LONDON, Monday

Heathrow, Airports

and Airports





Whoa! Saved again! He's still out cold... Quick, I must tie him up, gag him, hide him away... where... and telephone to the dear...



Meanwhile, in the kitchen...

...Now! The poor woman never got over it. She died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety-seven. Her husband, broken-hearted, soon followed her to the grave. But that wasn't the end of the terrible tragedy this unhappy family had to suffer. One day, their son



There, Doctor Müller... That's taken care of you!

Hello?... Hello?... Is that the royal palace?... I want to speak to His Highness... Tintin... Hello? Is that you, Highness?



Tintin?... Yes... Where are you?... With Professor Smith?... What?... My son!... Tintin?... A prisoner?... What's that you say?... What?... Oh! You amazed!... Bless you!



You must send men to Waddesdon... Have the police surround... Meanwhile, I'll try to rescue the prince...



I can't say I like these types, but the time I'd better be armed.



Now let's have a closer look at this...



Crumb! What a place!... A real Maginot Line!



AAAAAH...



Is that you, boss?



Boss?... Is that you, boss?



Nobody there... that's odd...



I could have sworn I heard a noise...



Don't move, and don't make a sound... or else...



Right!... Now you're going to take me to the emir's son... Get moving, and don't try any funny business!... Understand?



He's in there...



All right?... Stand away... face the wall, and keep your hands up...



Quick, Abdullah!... Hurry!... I've come to take you home to your father...



Shut!... Don't want to go home... This is a nice game... Let me go... I hate you!... I won't go!



BANG

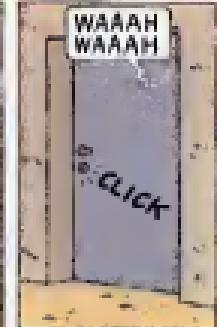


Abdullah!... Come along Abdullah!... There isn't time to play about...





Be quiet, you little pest!
Be quiet!



Quick, Mousa! ... Find Daud and Abdul... Take Daud with you and start searching, from the far end... Send Abdul to me... We'll wait here for the young swine...

I go, master.



... At that moment the count stopped forward. And he cried in Portuguese (you mustn't forget, Portuguese was his native tongue) and without a moment's hesitation he flung open the door... He stood frozen with horror! ...



Daud! ... Abdul! ... Come at once! ... The master needs you!



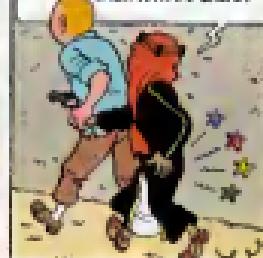
... or... how I will go! I must go... an important appointment... Er... if you see my nephew, send him home, will you? ... Goodbye!



With us here and Mousa and Daud at the other end... he's trapped!

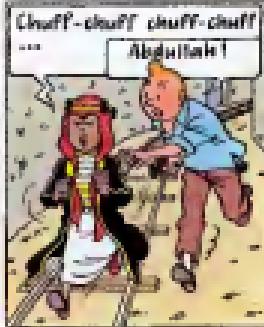
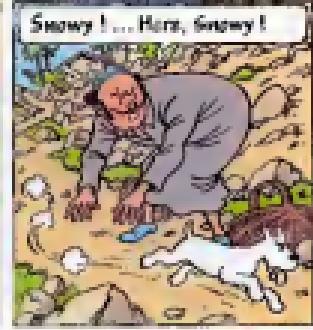


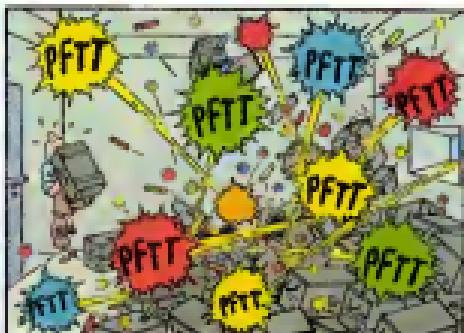
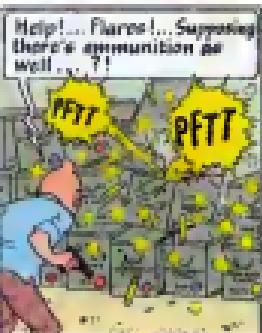
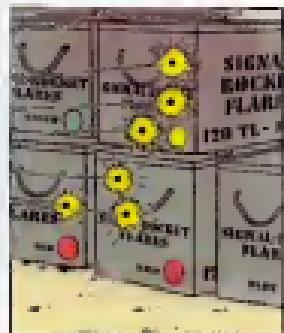
... And then he'll cut off your head... and play skittles with it... So there!



He can't escape... with the boss guarding the other end...







Seems to be
calming down...



Tintin! Open up!
Open up! It's me!

Snowy! It's
Snowy! ... And
surely it can't
be... that would
be...

Wooh! Wooh!

Found you!
Hooley!

Captain
Haddock! ... And
dear old Snowy!



PFIT



That's a friendly wel-
come, I must say!

Out! Quick! It's
starting again!

PFIT



All in the bag! ... That's
it! ... How did you manage
it? ... And what are you do-
ing here anyway, Captain?



Well, I'll tell you... It's
like this... Just
imagine... .



Sorry, Captain...
First, have they
found the snar-
son?

I don't know... I haven't
seen him... At least,
not since I got here...



Is the snar there?

Yes, he has
just been... I
was going
to tell you
... .



There!



Tintin, Tintin! Everything is
lost! We arrived too late... that
Fremdlich professor escaped in
a car... and he took my little
duckling with him... .

But someone's gone
after them?



Yes, yes, of course...
My henchmen are in hot
pursuit... And your two
friends with mouse-
backs... in a jeep... .

Oh dear! In
that case... .



AHA!



?

?

?

?

?

?

?

Who does that car belong to?

It's mine... Why?

Quick, Captain!



Stop! That's my car!... You can't have it!... It's mine!



Stop them! Stop them! They'll damage my car!



You're sure this is the way?

Yes, it's the only possible road... But tell me, Captain... You still haven't explained how you could be here...



It's quite simple really... but also rather complicated... first, I must tell you...

Ah! Look! The car's headlights... That proves it! We're certainly on the right track...



Forgive me, Captain... I'm sorry, I interrupted... You were saying...

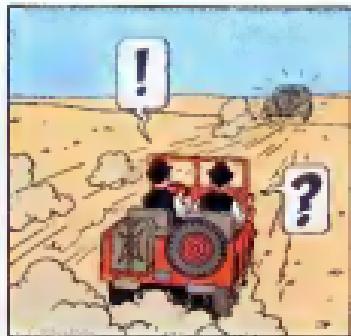


Well, as I said, it was quite simple and at the same time rather complicated... You remember...

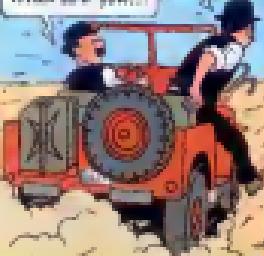
Look ahead! A cloud of dust!... Do you think it's Smith?...



No, it's the Thompsons' jeep... We shall overtake them...



Hello, that's odd... I wonder why we... What are you...



What on earth were you doing... getting out while we were moving?



Moving? ... Where are we moving? ... Oh, now I see... It must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still...



Meanwhile...



I'm thirsty!

So am I...



I want an ice-cream!

Later, later...



No! I want one now! I want an ice-cream! I want an ice-cream! ... Then I want to go home! ...



Waah! ... Waah! ... Waah! ...

And cut out that racket or I'll ... Sit down, Abdullah! ... Abdullah! ... Sit down here!



No! I want to sit here! ... I hate you! ... I shall tell my papa... And my papa is the emir! ...



I know... I know...

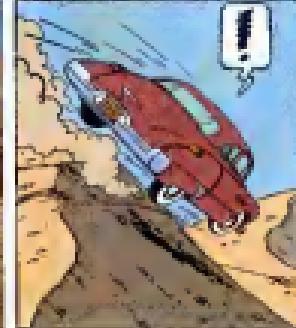
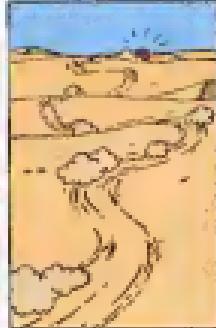


Yes, you're right... I was just going to tell you... As I said, it was really quite simple... but at the same time rather complicated...

There they are! Another dumb-cloud! ... This time it's certainly Müller!



Heh! Heh! My fishing companion!



Great snakes! ... Smoke! ... What's happened to them?

Look at their backs!
... Müller must have
lost control of the car,
it went over, and
caught fire... Let's hope
nothing's happened
to the prince...



Ooh! What a lovely
accident!



Sah!... A car's
stopping...
Doors banging
... Wait!...

All right, Müller... We've got you!



Aha! I've got a score
to settle with him!

Got me?... Not yet!...
Take one more step
and I'll shoot the boy!

Whoopie! Just
like a real gang-
ster film!



Look! Another gun to shoot
them with!

Thanks, Abdullah! You!
Throw down your gun!



So you can shoot us down like
rabbits?... No! We're keep-
ing them!

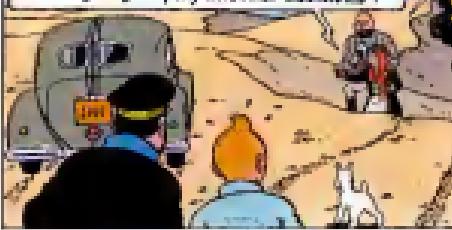


Just as you like!...
But watch it!... One
false move and the
child's had it!...
Now, move away!...
Go on, move back-
wards...



Aha!... Excellent!... Another car ready and
waiting!... Go on! Keep moving back!

Ooh! Papa's car! That's Papa's car!
Are we going to play another accident?



Get inside you!
And keep your
mouth shut!



Wahah!...
Wahah!



All right... One bullet at
the car when I go and
I'll snap the repulsive
little monkey's neck!...
Understand?... So, auf
windeschluss!

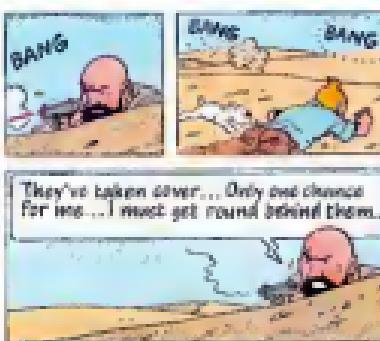


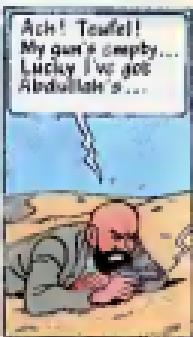
Wahah!
Wahah!

Brast!... Baby-snatcher!...
Brando!... Baboon!...
Belzebub!... Bully!...
Bommiebo!... Bush-basher!

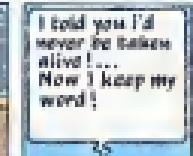
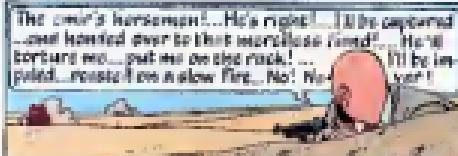
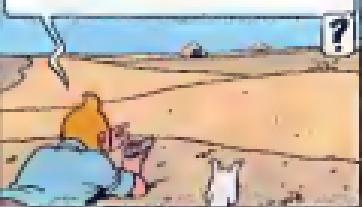


Wahah!





Müller!... Müller!... Look behind you... That jeep's full of police... And that other cloud of dust is a troop of the sheriff's horses... You're trapped, Müller!



Don't do it!... In
Hawkins & Hawkins...



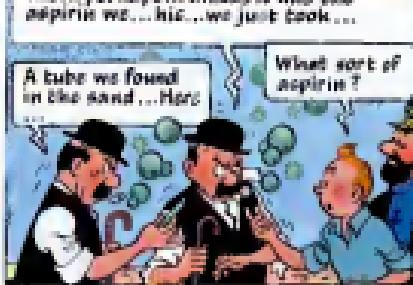
Hello! What's that
there on the ground?



Blistering barnacles! ... Look at the two Thompsons!



I don't know... his... the heat, per... his... perhaps... Unless it was the aspirin we... his... we just took...



I don't understand... It seems real enough... But let's take a look at the contents...



Strange... the tablets have the walker's mark, all right. It's extra-ordinary...



Blistering-barnacles! Blistering-barnacles! Look at your funny friends now!...



Captain! Captain! ... How awful!



We must get help for them at once... You take the car and return Abdullah to his father... I'll drive the jeep, with Müller and the Thompsons...



I'll make you rich for life if you destroy those aspirins, instead of analysing them...

So! The tube belongs to you... What's in the tablets?



Why worry!... Destroy them and your fortune's made!

No thank you, Doctor Müller... I'm not interested!



At Wadi-dah Hospital, two hours later...

Doctor, doctor! Come quickly! Two extra-ordinary cases!...



A little later...

Master!... See!
Your car is returning!

With Abdullah?



Will Abdullah!... Abdullah!...
My little sugar plum!... My
darling chocolate candy!

He can have his sugar
plum, as far as I'm
concerned!



My sweetest strawberry
mug cake!...

At last! Now I can
have a quiet smoke!



Waaah! Waaah! Waaah!
Want to stay with
Blistering-Burnedace!



My nose!... Billions of blistering
barnacles!... My nose!

Against!... Burn your
nose again!

Come, come,
don't be
cross... It
was just
little game
— a jolly
prank...



Ah, here comes Tintin...



So the Themptons are in hospital!
... No one knows yet what's the matter... They have to have their hair
cut every half hour... I send at
once to Professor Calculus, to ask
him to analyze those Filby
tablets, the ones Müller...



Müller?

Oh... of course, Highness...
you don't know... Müller is
the real name of Professor
Smith.

That reptile! Where
is he? Impale him
instantly!



Müller is in the hands of the
police, Highness. And I've given
my word that he'll have a fair
trial.

By Allah! How you Westerners
complicate things!... We men of the East are for
more expeditious!



The trial will attract plenty of attention!
... I found these papers on him. They prove
Müller was a secret agent for a major
foreign power... In the event of war it
was his job to use his men to seize the
oil wells, which explains the veritable
arsenal we found under his palace...
And he was always manipulating to
oust Arabs in favour of Shell.



Those are the essentials.
A police search of his palace
and a full interrogation of
Müller and his accomplices
will fill in the details. Quite
simply, it's an episode in
the perpetual warfare
over oil... the world's black gold...



Some days later...

Tintin! Tintin!...
A letter from
Calculus!

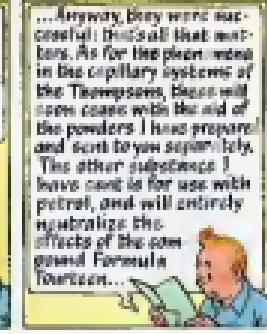
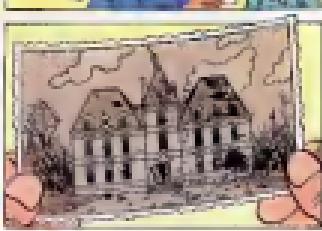


My friends, I have
immediately analysed the
tablets you sent. I have
discovered that if you add
only a small part to
petrol its explosive qualities
are increased to an alarming
degree.

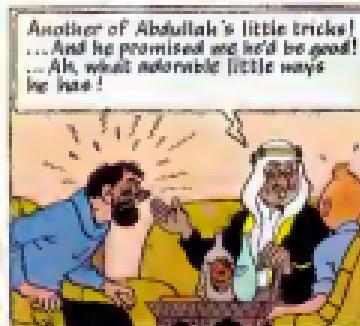
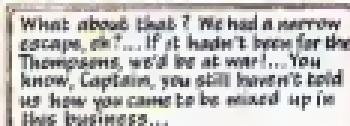
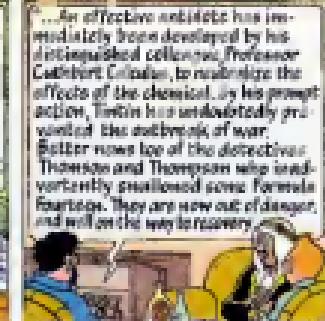
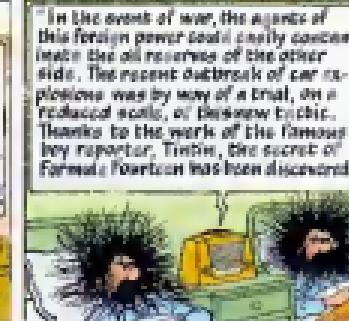
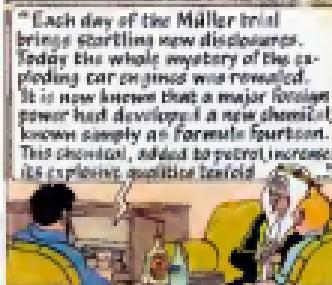
By God and over
I have calculated that
one single tablet
dropped on a tank
holding 5000 gallons
of petrol would be
enough to cause a

Anyway, Captain, that
solves the mystery of our
blowing up... Hey, what's
the matter? Who have
you got there?





some weeks later...







THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

Who is trying to sabotage European supplies of petrol, and why? An international situation develops which threatens to result in war unless the saboteurs can be brought to justice. Tintin is called in, and he and Snowy are soon following the tracks of the evil and dangerous plotters to the deserts and towns of the Middle East, where their efforts to find them are complicated by hazards difficult even by Tintin's standards . . .

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THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN	TINTIN IN TIBET
RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE	THE SEVEN CRYSTAL BALLS
DESTINATION MOON	PRISONERS OF THE SUN
EXPLORERS ON THE MOON	THE CASTAIRE EMERALD
THE CALCULUS AFFAIR	THE BLACK ISLAND
	FLIGHT 714
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(These five books)
TINTIN AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE
TINTIN AND THE BLUE ORANGES

